#### THE PREACHER IN THE POKER GAME.

### A Tale of His Overthrowing by the Charity Seeker Who Came Sudden to Arkansas City.

\*There was a preacher feller come here to campmestin' quite some years ago," said old man Greenhut as he sat chewing the end of a cigar that would not burn satisfactorily, "and he was al'ays talkin' about money. There's a plenty of 'em comes that talks money most o' the time, but they'm the kind that preaches about puttin' it in the hat when it's passed 'round. This one was different. They said his name was Eliphalus Knobbs, or suthin' "ke that, an' he sure were a powerful hand with the mourners when he got 'em up to ·Uster make 'em holler so's the bench. you c'd hear 'em half a mile.

"But the Rev. Eliphalus Knobbs's strong suit, so to speak, 'peared to be preaching agin money. He was al'avs a sayin' that money wa'n't ev'rything. I've heer'd others say the same thing, an' there ain't no doubt but there's sense into it if you look at it the right way. O' course, if money was ev'ry-thing 't a man needed, he wouldn't wave no call to use it when he got it. He wouldn't need tobacco, nor red liquor nor no other necessaries, 'n' any fool c'n see how ridic'lous that is. But them that says it don't never 'pear to git tired sayin' it.

This here Knobbs he got talkin' with me one day. 'Peared like he thought he were goin' to git me up to the mourners' bench. An' he sprang this money gag on me. 'Well,' I says, 'I don't know but what you're right, but what is it you reckon is needed outside o' money?' An' he says 'Savin' grace,' he says.

"So I says to him 'I reckon you're right again. Savin' grace is needed,' I says, 'an' needed bad, but there's other things, too. A man,' I says, 'has to have savin' grace, there ain't no doubt, but he's got to have a savin' knowledge o' draw, too.'

'What 'd become o' the hull fabric o' civilization,' I says, 'if the game o' draw poker was to be wiped out? There wouldn't be no more progress, nor eddication, nor nothin', an',' I says, 'a man's got to have money to play draw poker, so there you are. Money ain't everything, but it's necessary for some purposes.' An' then he groaned an' called me a unregenerate an' went away. That's the trouble with preachers mostly. You can't never argy with 'em 'thouten they gets insultin' an walks away when you shows 'em they're wrong.

"There was a man come to Arkansas City 'fore 'twas as big a place as 'tis now. He wa'n't one o' the early settlers. I reckon there wa'n't no early settlers here. F'm what I c'n learn, Arkansas City was al'ays considable of a place, even when they called it Napoleon, 'fore 'twas Arkansas City. But he come a right smart spell ago, an' when he come he come sudden.

"The reason o' him comin' sudden was 't he was blowed ashore. Th' ole Queen o' the Bayous busted her b'iler right 'longside o' th' levee one day, an' when the h'iler hust the hull boat 'peared to be discouraged like, an' got sprinkled 'round in little bits. 'Peared like the biggest on 'em wa'n't more 'n big enough to make a axe helve outen. There were folks aboard, o' course, en. There were folks aboard, o' course, they was sprinkled 'round similar. an' they was sprinkled round similar.

Mostly the pieces we picked up wa'n't big enough to match easy when we tried to fit 'em together, but Philetus Fraser he come down all in one piece. Fur's I remember he was the on'y one that did.

"He had his skin onto him. Leastways he had the most on it, some bein' scraped off as he come through the woodwork.

off as he come through the woodwork, but he hadn't no shell, nor nothin' cor-respondin' when he come ashore. I reckon there never were a man come to Arkansas City with less on hand in the way o' per-vidin' hisself ag'in' the vicissitudes of Arkansas City life 'n Philetus Fraser had.

't nobody was goin' to take no gre't amazin' interest into him, but 'twa'n't quite natural, neither, to leave him lay there alone on the levee, naked an' half dead. Some on 'empicked him up an' found a old blanket somewheres an' wrapped him up an' toted him off to the hospital. We hadn't no extra accommodations them days for them as had to be took care of by the town, but there were a log capin down by the

them as had to be took care of by the town, but there were a log cabin down by the woods to the west o' the settlement that were sort o' set aside f'r emergencies.

"There was all sorts o' cases took there, bein' as 'twas th' on'y place there was, but somehow nobody 'peared to prosper there a'ter there was three nigers took there, with the smallpox. Subsequent everybody died there till Philetus Fraser was took to the place, an' bein' as he couldn't be killed nohow, like he showed when he come ashore like he did, he laid there an' besides. I was interested in the kitty, an' besides. I was interested in the kitty, an' besides. I was interested in the kitty, an' besides. e ashore like he did, he laid there an'

got well.

"All that time he hadn't had nothin' in
the way o' clo'es but that old blanket they'd wrapped 'round him when they picked him up, bein' 'twas warm weather, an' him not up, bein' 'twas warm weather, an likely to live, no ways, as we was reck'nin'. But when we beer'd that he were all right again, an' was thinkin' o' comin' out on'y for not havin' no clo'es, there was some

again, an' was thinkin' o' comin' out on'y for not havin' no clo'es, there was some considerable talk.

"More'n likely we'd ha' got round to give him some in a few days, but Philetus Fraser 'peared to be a hasty sort o' man, like he'd showed he was by the way he come ashore, an' about the third day he come down the street in his blanket, makin' some considerable of a scandul, bein' as home o' the women folks seen him.

"They hustled him into my place, here, an' we had a sort o' pow-wow over him. 'Peared like there was somepin' had to be did, an' had to be did immediate. A'ter some talk they put it up to me, an' I says it was up to us to send for some o' the principal citizens to come 'round right away.

"All this time Philetus Fraser he sot on a bench savin' nothin', bein' as there wa'n't nothin' I'r him to say. I took notice o' that, an' I says to myself that he 'peared to have sense enough to keep his trap shut, an' that was somepin."

an' that was somepin.'

"Pretty soon a lot of 'em come in, an' amongst 'em was this here preacher feller, Eliphalus Knobbs. When I seen him, I says, 'Money ain't everything, parson, but I reckon it stands for a heap to this man just now. How's he goin' to be decent.'

Leave "thouten somebody nuts up money?' Isays, "thouten somebody puts up money?'
An' somehow Eliphalus Knobbs didn't 'pear to be so quick about talkin' as he mostly was in the pulpit.

"There was considerable more chin music, an' then they put it up to me, an' I says 'I ain't never seen but one way.' I says, 't' a man c'n douste money an' not

says. 't a man c'n donate money an' not feel it. Start a game o' draw poker,' I says, 'an' have a kitty, an' let the kitty go to

They all seen reason into that 'ceptin Eliphalus Knobbs. He began talkin' about the sinful nature o' gamblin'. like preachers does sometimes, till I shut him up.

does sometimes, till I shut him up.

"I says, 'That's our Arkansas City way, parson, an' if it don't suit, 'count o' bein' sinful, 'pears like it may be up to you to put up the money, I says.

"When I put it to him like that, he hemmed an' hawed considerable an' he says, 'Reely, Mr. Greenhut, it would give me pleasure to provide for the temporary necessities o' this here gentleman, but the fact is, what money I've got is church funds,' he says, 'an' I aint free to use 'em.'

"That told me what I wanted to know.

"That told me what I wanted to know, an' I says. 'Parson, 'pears to me like you couldn't use church funds no better'n to clothe the naked, but if you don't feel like givin' outright,' I says, 'why don't you set in at the game? Then you wouldn't be givin' nothin' away 'thouten it come outen your winnin's to the kitty, an' the rest of your winnin's to the kitty, an' the rest of your winnin's to the kitty, an' the

no more talkin,' so I didn't pay no 'tention to him while he sputtered an' jawed. Just went on fixin' the table an' chairs an ettin' out the cards an' chips, an' I kep chair for the Rev. Eliphalus Knobbs, an inted out a stack o' chips for him same

I counted out a stack o' chips for him same as the rest.

"When he seen what I'd did he sort o' groaned, an' he says 'Mr. Greenhut, as I understan' this here case, it's charity, an' the Good Book says "Charity covereth a multitude o' sins," so I reckon maybe I'm justified this once if I do stray from the broad an' narrer path.'

"'I reckon you be,' I says, an' he sets down, 'thouten any more talk.

"Treckon you be, I says, an he sets down, 'thouten any more talk.

"Well, say! If I'd knowed as much about how much the Rev. Eliphalus Knobbs knowed about the game o' draw poker afore he set in as I knowed a little while a'ter he set in. I'm free to say I reckon I'd ha' gone some slow about ropin' him in. As I was sayin', all this here took place a good while are afore Arkanses. City had As I was sayin', all this here took place a good while ago, afore Arkansas City had took first place as the real home o' draw poker. We hadn't no such reppytation them days as we has now, not havin' never done nothin' to earn it. We played a fair game, some on us. I used to play myself them days. But there wa'n't no such system tem then as has been built up since, an' the local talent hadn't found out how to

pand on one another. The Rev. Eliphalus Knobbs had took \$50 worth, like the rest o' us, an' he didn't make no kick about a dollar ante when we began playin', but I noticed he were almighty careful about comin' in. 'Peared like he studied some afore puttin' up his money, an' two or three times he throwed his cards away a'ter he'd studied quite a spell. Looked like he were a timid player, an' bein' as he was chippin' in a dollar at a time when he had to an' not takin' in nothin', I reckoned on his first fifty bein' easy money anyway. "Come a jackpot a'ter about half a hour o' this, an' Eliphalus Knobbs he set on the

He looked at his hand an' sed, an' I settin' next opened it on see deuces. There was two others come in, an' then it come to Eliphalus Knobbs again, an he raised it five dollars. We was playin' table stakes.

"Well, I looked at my three deuces an

figgered they was worth five dollars with two cards comin' in the draw an' somepin' like thirty dollars in the pot already, so I seen the raise. Winterbottom be laid down, Bassett-he were the other man that come in-he made good, so there was

ty in the pot.
Then Eliphalus Knobbs he took one let it lay in front of him. I took Bassett took three, so I figgered he had aces. I looked at my two an' seen I had a pair o' tens, so I chipped a chip, reckonin' on raisin' back when Eliphalus Knobbs raised, bein' tol'able certain 't

he would,

" 'Pear's Bassett had caught his third ace,
an' he raised it ten. Then Eliphalus Knobbe
he didn't say nothin', but just shoved what
chips he had left right into the pot. We
counted 'em an' found he'd made a raise
o' fourteen dollars. Bein' as he hadn't
looked et his draw yet. I reckond it wars oked at his draw yet. I reckoned it were a good place for my pile, an' I shoved in about forty dellars, but Bassett didn't feel none too strong, an' he dropped, so I nad a rakedown, bein' as I couldn't raise Eliphalus Knobbs when his cnips was all

Then that reverend pirate turned over his draw an showed 'twas a ten spot. Then he showed his other four cards, an' they was An' even then I didn't see through tens up An eventhen I didn't see through his play. 'Peared to me he'd made a almighty big bluff on two pairs, reckonin' I'd size him up for fours an' as how his draw'd been nothin' but dumb luck.

"But after the Rev. Eliphalus Knobbs had

"But after the Rev. Eliphanis knows in a made two or three more plays as remarkable as that, an' had pulled out o' the game with some four hundred velvet, sayin' as how his little flock'd look on his winnings as a godsend, we 't had been playin' set lookin' at one another, sort o' foolish, lookin' at one another, sort o' foolis an' not knowing whether to go on or not. "They kind o' put it up to me, an' I says, 'I don't see no use o' prolongin' this agony, 'I says. 'We uns has fell into the hands o' the spoiler, an' he's done spoiled us. We've the spoiler, an' he's done spoiled us. t the kitty, though, an' that's enough git clo'es for Philetus Fraser,' which it sure was, there bein' seventy-five dollars

into it. So the game broke up.

"Philetus Fraser had set by all the time sayin' nothin," but watchin' keen. The ers went out one at a time, leavin' to fix things with the benefactuary o' the evenin', me havin' the kitty.

evenin', me havin' the kitty.
"When they'd gone, I says 'Now I'll divide this fair with you, Mr. Fraser. There's seventy-five dollars here. Fifty o' that goes to the house, an' here's your that goes to the house, an' here's your and you got you a twenty-five. That'd oughter get you a He didn't say nothin' till he'd got his

'but o' course, if you want to go shy on some o' y'r clo'es for the sake o' necessi-

"But Philetus Fraser, he grinned, an' he says 'I was interested in the kitty, an' besides, I don't never interfere with no gentleman's play 'thouten I'm playin' my-self. But now look here. How much o that four bundred do you want, if I go an' win it back? O' course, you'll have to stake me. This twenty-five has to go for clo'es, an' I'd want more than that any-how, to make a good sized game.'
"But how do I know you c'n win it back?

I says.
"How did I know he'd marked the cards?"
"Tracer an' he went over to Philetus Fraser, an' he went over to the table an' picked up the deck we'd been playin' with. Spreadin' it out face down, he began callin' off one card after another an' turnin' 'em over as he called 'em. 'y made one mistake outen twenty-five thirty cards. Then he showed me the arks. Little scratches, they was, here

marks. Little scratches, they was, here an' there on the backs.

"I knowed, because I teached him the trick.' says Philetus Fraser. 'This here gospel sharp is a p'fessional.' he says, 'an' learned all he knows f'm me. He don't know me now, bein' as I look some different f'm what I did afore my hair an' beard was burned off, they not havin' time to grow out again, an' me havin' got a good natured nigger to shave me while I was sick. But I knowed him, soon as I seed him. I don't know what his lay is here, but more'n likely now what his lay is here, but more'n likely e's been lookin' f'r some such chanst as

"Well 'twan' "Well. 'twan't long afore I seen sense into Philetus Fraser's line o' talk, an' I made it up with him 't'I'd stake him to a hundred an' 'low him that an' a hundred hundred an 'low him that an a hundred more if he'd get Eliphalus Knobbs into a game an'do him up. 'More'n that,' I says, 'we'll divide even on all you win over an' above the four hundred. Likely he's got

"Philetus Fraser 'greed to it, an' the very next day Eliphalus Knobbs comes round, an' after hemmin' an' hawin', like he did, he says to me: 'My conscience is been troublin' me, Mr. Greenhut, considerable. 'Pears to me like them poor men' t I did up at the game has uses for their money, an', if you think it's right, I don't know but I'd give 'em a chanst o' winnin' it back.'

"I told him I thought they'd be glad o' the opportunity a little later in the day. 'But in the meantime,' I says, here's Mr. Philetus Fraser 't we helped out last night. He met a old friend to-day 't staked him pretty liberal, an' he was just sayin' to me 't he hadn't played roker since he was blowed up, an' he was kind o' feelin' like he were blue moulded for a game. Mebbe he'd play freeze out. It'd reely be a charity f'r you to play with him'

f'r you to play with him.'
"Well, they played a freeze out. Then
they played another. An' after that they
played some more. An' Philetus Fraser made good. He sure were the slickest player

l ever seen up to that time. 'Twa'n't a belluva time afore Eliphalua Knobbs was flat broke. "When he went out, lookin' tol'able downcast, but not kickin'-he were a choroughbred for sure-I says to him. "I c'd see his eyes was a-gleamin' when I said this, an' I knowed I didn't have to do

### CALLED HOME IN THE SNOW.

### The Voice Heard by Dan Worrell, Crazed by His Storm Wanderings in the Woods.

LACHINE, Canada, March 4.-This has been a memorable winter in the pine woods for the cold and the great quantity of snow. The meteorological observers report that more than seven feet has actually fallen since the third week in November. The expense in shovelling miles of roads through the bush falls heavily in such winters upon the great lumber firms, and also entails much misery upon the workmen.

Dan Worrell, a struggling settler of Ottawa county, hoped to make enough money by teaming in the woods with his colts to clear himself of indebtedness But disaster came to him, as to many another, through the severity of the season.

When he reached the central depot, to which his entry load was consigned, he was assigned to conveying provisions to the groups of shanties dependent upon that office. Owing to some confusion in the directions given to him, and in part to a terrible, driving snowstorm, he got on the wrong track.

Just at the edge of Lac Desir he followed what looked like a track, which turned off almost at a right angle. After half a mile of tedious progress he pulled up at the stump of a big pine, where his road ended. There his horses floundered badly, and at last sank down. Their master did all be could to trample down the snow and to release the poor brutes, but soon realized his helplessness in his single-handedness. In despair he wandered off looking for a lumber shanty where he might obtain assistance.

Late at night, thirty hours afterward, he staggered into a large shanty, perfectly dazed by misery and cold. The seventy or eighty good hearted fellows there warmed and fed him and put him to bed without bothering him with questions. Next morning he arose in a half demented condition.

He could give no account of himself and did not even know his name. For a day or two he moped about the shanty, overwhelmed with trouble, a puzzle to the shanty men. Then he offered to work. and being a good axeman, went to road making with the gang that was cutting a way into where the logs were chopped He worked diligently and silently, as one in a maze, until early in the present month. Then he got up in the middle of the night, dressed himself and disappeared again.

Meanwhile the shanty to which his first load was sent became hard up for want of provisions. Thinking that some misunderstanding had prevented the December load from being despatched they sent men down to the nearest shanty, twenty eight miles away, a shanty which represented the interests of a rival firm, and borrowed a bag of beans and a barrel of pork. As it chanced, this was the very shanty where Dan had found refuge, but as the messengers could not delay until evening, they did not see the unfortunate one, whom they would have recognized.

As supplies threatened to run out again runner was sent down to the depot to report the state of affairs. There had already been surmisings there about Dan. but it was commonly thought that the beavy snow had prevented his return and that the shanty boss had found something for him to do.

However, search was made for the missing team in all directions, and at last a special messenger was sent to his home. The tidings, created intense trouble. Mrs. Worrel at once jumped to the conclusion that her husband had broken through the ice with his horses, and would never Arkansas tribulation of the first state of health took to her bed, and would never a man, woman or child in the place 't knowed him.

"Just naturally, 'twa'n't to be expected on't sell nothin' but red liquor,' I says, 'I don't sell nothin' but red liquor,' I says, 'I a case of pining away, the doctor said. She had lost her grip and unless something ; aroused her, there was no chance of saving

On the night of Feb. 5 the woman sudden'y sat up in bed and called out. "Oh. Dan! Dan! I knew if you were not dead you would come back to me! Oh, Dan. quick; quick!" Her attendants feared it was her spirit calling to Dan's disembodied soul before it left her body, and were amazed when the fainting which followed the ery was succeeded by a long tranquil sleep, the first untroubled rest she had

since the receipt of the bad news. It was at the same hour, that same night. that Dan arose in the shanty seventy miles away, dressed himself, and started out. He began to walk home. How he managed the journey he never could tell. Probably some friendly teamsters gave him an occasional lift. Possibly some one shared a meal with him. At any rate, forty-eight hours later, he lifted the latch of his own door again, hung up his coat and hat on the usual peg, and as his invariable custom had been in former days, stooped to the stove door to look after the fire.

Then he quietly embraced his sick wife and sat silent and in a dazed manner on the chair beside her bed. Now and then he appeared to be about to make some explanation, but he had evidently lost all power of expression. After a long doze the bedside, his petted child, a little lad of 4 years, crept into his arms. Then he had a fearful fit of weeping. This was followed by a long sleep, from which he awoke to a partial understanding of the state of affairs, to the intense joy of his faithful wife, who speedily began to grow stronger.

The man now became conscious of some sense of loss of remembrance. With the assistance of his friends, he could recall all that happened up to the time of his leaving the depot with the load of provisions. Everything after that was blank, except that his wife had called him home in a great hurry. As it was important to settle about what had become of the horses, it was judged best for his brother-in-law to drive him back to the depot, to make inquiries

The manager took a great interest in what had occurred, and with great pains endeavored to recall to Dan's remembrance

#### the incidents of his departure upon his fateful trip. At last, all of a sudden, the man got on to his feet, his face flushed and strained; he gasped wildly for a moment or two, then staggered, and would have fallen but for his brother-in-law. His features writhed for a little time, as though

began to bleed violently, and he seemed to experience great relief.

As soon as the bleeding had stopped Dan declared that he began to remember that he had left his horses and sleigh somewhere, and he must go to them at once. The horse they were using was put to the sleigh again, and, Dan driving this time, he and his friend set out. Speaking not a word, with strained vision and breathing aloud almost stertorously, he retraced the journey he had made three months before

he was in some kind of fit. Then his nose

The wrong turn was noted by the relative, who said nothing. Lac Desir was crossed, and then the horse was pulled up, and, with excitement showing itself in his countenance. Dan plunged into the deep snow, scrambled through it as far as the open space extended, and then began clearing away the piled up snowy blanket which covered the provision sleigh. Everything was found in perfect order, the horses lying dead in their harness, where, tired out with their exertions, the deadly cold had finished

By the time the two men had ascertained this much they were perspiring freely with their hard work, and to his own and his friends' surprise, Dan began with great olubility to explain all the circumstances of his dreadful experiences. He had fully recovered his sense and speech, and insisted upon going on to the jobbers' shanty, where he had found refuge and received employment.

He had a cheery welcome from his comrades, and made full explanation. He was positive of one thing. He had certainly beard his wife telling him to be quick the night he left so unceremoniously.

The pair epent the night in the shanty. When they left in the morning, they received a note to hand in at the headquarters of the firm as they passed down. This, it turned out, was not only the order for Dan's wages while working at road cutting, but was also an order upon the wages of every man working in the crew, for sums varying from \$3 to \$1, to be handed to Dan. It has made up enough money to purchase him another team to replace the pair of horses destroyed in the deep snow of Lac

#### CONCERNING CELLAR DOORS. From the Old Time Door of Wood to the Newest of Galvanized Steel.

Time was when cellar doors were all made of wood with iron strap hinges, each complete door consisting of a pair of wooden flap doors closing in the middle, to be thrown back on either side when the door was opened. A weather strip was nailed along the edge of one of these flaps.

Outside the houses, and in fact in many other places, such cellar doors were often set at an incline from the building, so that they would the better shed water; and these were the traditional cellar doors down which children loved to slide as they still do, for that matter, wherever such cellar doors are found.

Cellar doors, either flat or inclined, are still o be found in countless numbers everywhere, and in cities as well as in the country. Plenty may yet be seen, for instance, in New York. But along much travelled business thoroughfares in cities wooden cellar doors were soon worn away and broken under the incessant scraping and trampling of many thousands of feet, and so in suc situations wooden cellar doors were long ago largely supplanted by cellar doors of iron, these not inclined but set level with the sidewalk, so that they would form

impediment to travel old time wooden cellar door, but they have w been long familiar in such localities now been long familiar in such localities, and for a time it must have seemed, if any-body ever gave them a thought, that in them had been reached the limit in cellar door construction. But the really modern city cellar door is to them what they were

to the ancient cellar door of wood.

The newest city cellar door, designed for use in crowded streets, one introduced within recent years, is built of steel, and galvanized, and hung on heavy brass hinges. Of rigid construction in its own parts, and shutting into a rigid frame, this cellar door when closed is as firm a support to the feet as the surrounding sidewalk in which it is set, while the galvanizon brass hinges preserve the door from rust and help to make it practically in-

### OUTCAST FROM HIS TRIBE. Old Indian Shunned Because, Burled for

Dead, He Recovered. From the Arkansas City Traveler.

During the coldest night of the winter John Stink, a full blooded Osage, was induced to sleep in the office of the Capital Hotel. It is perhaps the first time he has spent a night under the roof of a hotel or dwelling house for many years. It is certain that it is the first this winter, despite the exceeding cold. This Indian is a peculiar character, and therefore the reason for his living out of doors. As an Osage, he is possessed of considerable wealth, and yet the poorest person in the world. He is nearly 50 years old, and has no relatives. He is an outcast among his tribe. He is

supposed by his tribesmen to be possessed of an evil spirit, and for this every Indian shuns him as a viper. This antipathy has existed for years, and, as the story goes, has arisen from a burial of John for dead and his coming back to life again.

After an illness that lasted for a long time his tribesmen thought him dead and he was buried according to the primitive customs of the Osages. This was to cover the body with stones to sufficiently prevent the wolves stah-he's a gentleman." from getting to it. He was placed on the nill used for the burying ground and the stones piled over him. But he was not dead. His strength returned and he was able to

His strength returned and he was able to wiggle outfrom among the stones, and eventually recovered.

Since that time no Indian will have anything to do with him. He beats about the country surrounding Pawbuska, camping under nooks about town when he is here, but refusing always to sleep under a roof. The night when he was induced to sleep in the hotel office was bitter cold. The old Indian had wandered about until he was almost frozen, when some white men almost forced him to go into the hotel to stay.

The night before he had slept out of doors under a big tree. He had a big fire and only a little clothing. He seems able to endure a wonderful amount of exposure. The old Indian seems to have no aim in life, no hope, no pleasure. He is simply existing no hope, no pleasure. He is simply exi-until the end with the stoicism of his race.

## THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

Wanted Tobacco and a Wife. From the Hopkinsville Kentuckian Postmaster Breathitt has received the following letter from a former Kentuckian, who now lives in Oregon. We publish it to assist the writer in supplying both of his wants:

Erwin, Ore., feb. the 5, 1905 .- Mr. Post Will yo please hand this note to some old tobaco raiser. I want 5 dollars worth of home made tobaco from old Ky for chewing. I want as old tobaco as there is and as good. I want to pay what it is woth. Would like if it was twisted. Whor ever gets this note anser at once. I used to live in Ky., in livingston co., and if there is some good old maid or a widowed lady a Bout 35 or 40, tell them to write to me if they want to change there name to a better one. was married once in Ky. I got my licens at smithland, was married at love's chapel, close to caryville. I got a fine lady; I want a nother one from old Ky., they are the people and most respected. Believe me, yore

P. S.-Say, lady, if you do write send me yore picture. I am this way, quick sales and good profits. My wife has Bin dead ? years. I have no children. By By.

#### Sea Without a Shore

From the Youth's Companion The native official may be relied on to contribute to the gayety of a tour of the Emerald

Last summer the passengers on a small boat were astonished and then amused to hear one of the men call out as they were "This boat doesn't stop anywhere!"

### British Warship Joke.

From the South China Post A good original story is to hand from H. M. S. Alacrity now in port. Sammy, the young Chinese steward attending on the wardroom mess, heard one of the officers at dinner complaining of the unusually hot taste the mustard had

Next day the mustard pot was missing and could not be found. Sammy was called and, after being questioned, admitted having put it in the ice chest, as he had heard the officers complaining that it was too hot

From the Baltimore Sun. A polite, middle aged negro was locked up at the Eastern Station charged with being drunk on the street.

An officer passing the cell asked: "Sam, what are you charged with?" "Boss, Ise charged with alcohol," was the reply

#### Humor of Clerical Life. From the Strand Magazine.

To those about to seek admission into holy orders, an interview with the ordinary is a time of much anxiety, sometimes of mental confusion.

This, perhaps, accounts for the unusual behavior of a young candidate who, dimissed on the Episcopal doorstep with a solemn "God bless you," hastily answered, "Don't mention it, my lord.

### Apology That Was Lost.

From Harper's Magazine. The professor of philosophy, absent minded and full of enthusiasm, came into the sitting

What a beautiful woman Mrs. Raymond s!"he exclaimed. "I have just had a pleasant alk with her in the bookstore " His wife looked up from her sewing.

"John!" she exclaimed, "where is your collar?"

The professor of philosophy put his hand to his throat. "I must have left it at the barber shop. Yes, that's it. I went to the barber shop, then to the bookstore. Why, " he ended lamely, "Mrs. Raymond would think it careless of me to appear in public without my collar, wouldn't she?"

'Rather," said his wife. "Perhaps you'd better call her up and tell her how it happened.

"Exactly," said the professor. The professor went to the telephone

'Hell, Central, hello. Hello-is this Mrs. aymond? Yes? Well, really, it was very pid of me. Mrs. Raymond, but, you know, had been thinking of something very important, and I quite forgot my collar. I-

The professor suddenly hung up the reclamation "John!" exclaimed his wife.

"She says she hasn't been out of the house

### That Settled It.

From Tid-Rits. "Why do you think the plaintiff insane?" a witness examined as to somebody's mental condition was asked by a counsel at a Because," replied the witness, "he is con

tinually going about asserting that he is the Prophet Mohammed." "And, pray, sir," retorted the learned gentleman of the wig, "do you think that when a person declares he is the Prophet Mohammed

"I do."
"Why?" Because," answered the witness, regarding his questioner with an easy complacency, "I happen to be the Prophet Mohammed myself."

### He Wasn't a Legislator.

From the Kansas City Star. A travelling man who "makes" Kansas City frequently was dining in the cafe of one of the large hotels vesterday when he that man at the next table, George?" he said The waiter nedded assent. That's Dr. Alonzo Tubbs, the Missouri legislator, who oo had," he said. "Ah's been waitin' on him, too." Well, you won't get any tip there," said the travelling man. "Ah suttingly treated him right," replied the waiter. A few minutes later the man at the other

left and the waiter returned to the travelling man. "Well," said the drummer, "what did I tell you?" "'Xcuse me, sah, but ah thinks you tole me er fabrication," said the waiter, grinning. "Dat man ain't a legis-The man had

### Why He Passed.

From the Chicago Law Journal. One of Assistant Attorney-General Beck's stories was especially appreciated by law at the close of the conflict for admission to

the bar of the United States A committee of three examiners reported that he had answered correctly two-thirds of the questions put to him. A Judge, astonished at the General's success, asked the chairman of the committee what the questions were. "Well," he replied, "the first was, 'What is the rule in Shelly's case?' and the answer was 'Writing poetry.' That was not

"Then we asked him what was a contingent | indulged in.

#### remainder' and a 'vested interest,' and he said he did not know. That was correct, and we admitted him."

### His Great Luck.

From the Baltimore Herald. Insurance Commissioner R. E. Folk of Tennessee was talking the other day about the humor of the insurance business.

"It is a ghastly humor," he said, "because it hinges on death. Nevertheless, there is a great deal of it. Every insurance agent has

some odd and new story to relate. "One agent told me yesterday how he had met that morning a friend in a feeble condition, his face pallid, his eyes dull and his figure shrunken.

"What is the matter with you, Herbert? the agent said. "I'm in luck," Herbert answered. 'My

boy, I am in great luck."
"How so?" asked the agent. "'Why,' said the other, 'your company's medical examiner passed me only two months ago, and now my doctor tells me I have an

### incurable disease. How is that for luck Setting Himself Right.

From Lippincott's Magazine. George Washington Thomas, an able-bodied negro of Sleepy Hollow, appeared before Magistrate Nussbaum charged with stealing chickens. The negro was accompanied by his lawyer, Col. Simmons, a rising young white attorney. The sauntered into the dinay court room, where he had reigned for more than twenty years and, after calling for order, looked around on the little company there assembled. ing George Washington Thomas, he pointed

"Be you the defendant in this case Quick as a flash George was on his feet, and, not understanding legal terms, he ex-

claimed politely: "No, sah; no, sah; I sin't de Ten'ant; dar's de Ten'ant ovah der." And he pointed to his lawyer. There was a general laugh about the room, in which the queer old Judge joined heartily. The darky felt abashed. He was visibly embarrassed, and, thinking to correct the mistake, if mistake it were, said again, pointing at his lawyer: "Yes, sah; he's de 'fen'ant," and pointing to himself, he said, T's de gent'man what stole de chickens."

#### LAND OF WONDROUS CAVES. Were Hiding Places of Outlaws of the Indian Territory.

From the Kansas City Journal Jim Friday, a desperate negro outlaw, was the terror of the Arbuckle mountains for many years but was finally hanged at Fort Smith, Ark., in 1882, for the murder of a man

and his wife near Fort Arbuckle.

He first murdered the husband and carried the wife away into a cave near by and here forced her to remain until he grew tired of her and then murdered her. The bones of both victims were taken in a box before Judge Parker and a jury, and when Friday saw it was no use denying the charge he confessed and told of several other deeds still more hor-United States Marshal Mershon, who was known as the "Sleuth" of the Arbuckles. captured Friday in the cave, and it is said that Mershon knew of other caves in that

locality more wonderful than this one It appears that outlaws would live in these caves for months at a time and the officers were powerless to dislodge them. A man living in Davis says that he knows of caves within ten miles of Davis where cattle have been slaughtered and their heads and horns are still there as evidence, in a perfect state f preservation. There are nooks and corners down there, he says, where an army of men could hide themselves, and unless one knew entrance.

It is believed there is a largestream of water running through all of the caves in that vi-A ranchman says that Honey Creek comes through the caves and offers proof by showing the large springs which gush out f the mountain side just above Turner's Falls on Honey Creek. These falls are widely known as the "Little Niagara" of the Chickasaw Nation, and are visited by thousands of people every year. The spring is believed to be the king cure-all and Indians have made be the king cure-all and Indians have made it their health resort for many years.

Thomas Grant, a cattleman and farmer, who lives within a mile of the old fort, says caves abound in that part of the country, and mentions one midway between Fik and Foreman, small inland towns, that can be seen from the wagon road. It is on the very top of a big hill in the prairie and a few feet down it widens out into one vast cavern. From all appearances it must be a wonderful place. This cave is known as 'dead man's hole,' from the fact that some years ago the remains of a man were found there who had been murdered. The cave is well ventilated and perfectly dry as far as it has been explored.

### Has a Trade for Any Time of Day.

From the Louisville Post.
The thriftiest man in the United States lives in Louisville. He has trades that fit arv climate, season or time of the day. As a.. example of his wonderful rersatility, a friend tells the following story of an average

friend tells the following story of an average day in the life of this stremuous man:

One morning last week he started out with a rug to sell on commission for an installment house. He sold the rug, and then came back and took out a clock, which he also disposed of. About noon he was called by an undertaker to embalin a body, which he did. Another undertaker sent for him to drive a hearse to the cemetery, and after he had disposed of this errand satisfactorily he preached a short sermon at the grave. He drove the hearse back to town and filled in an afternoon for a candymaker who was taken suddenly ill.

In the evening he worked from 6 till a o'clock in a barber shop, and from that hour until midnight set type on a daily newspaper. paper.

### Sun Parlor for Baby.

From the Philadelphia Record Sunning the baby is the latest thing in baby culture. No household is too

to possess one of these patent adjustable sun parlors. to possess one of these patent adjustable sun parlors.

They are made of some kind of hard wood and built by the carpenter to extend beyond the window. The top and sides of the little platform are covered with glass, and strips of carpet are laid on the floor to stop up any cracks there may be. No matter how flercely the winds may blow or how low the thermometer may sink the sun parlor is always ready for the baby.

A pillow is placed on the carpeted floor, then the baby is warmly dressed and well covered for its morning or afternoon nap. Mothers who have tried this method of sunning the baby are boasting of the gain in weight and health and have the proud satisfaction of knowing they are strictly up to date.

#### Poisonous Preserved Foods. From Pearson's Monthly

In preserving foods the natural colors of food products tend to fade and diminish with time. In order that this fault be remedied, the use of coloring matters has become almost universel in some forms of food products.

food products.

For instance, some time ago I was unable to find in the city of Washington a single pound of uncolored butter. Tomatoes and other red vegetables and fruits are often colored with eosin; preserved peas and beans as is well known, have the green color fixed and accentuated by the use of a very objectionable substance, namely, sulphate of copper. Added red coloring matters are often found in wines. Preserved cherries are first bleached so as to become white, then colored a beautiful red, and many other objectionable practices of similar kinds are indulged in.

# FEAR.

### Mr. Rafferty Enlightens Mr. Madden on the Czar and the Condition of Affairs in Russia.

"Do you know the wan thing that's worse por poverty?" said Rafferty. "Faith, I do not," replied Madden. "Is it

thirst?" "No, 'tis fear." \*Fear!" exclaimed Madden. "Faith, fear's not bad at all. It lasts only a short time." "That's true for most men," said Rafferty. But there's wan man in the world that

would give a million dollars to be in your "Where is he? He can have my shoes for a dollar and a half. Who is he, any.

"He's the Za-ar of all the Russias. He's afeard to eat or to drink, to go out or to stay in the house, to lie down or to get up. Sleepin', or wakin', walkin' or ridin', the big gray fear o' death is on him, till his hears gets to be as cold as an egg in an icebox, poor man."

"Dear dear, now, that's ha-ard." said Madden, sympathetically. "And what's more, he daren't drink a glass o' beer without havin' a moojik drink

half of it before he takes a taste." "I thought they drank whiskey in Rue sia," said Madden.

"No, they have a liquor called vodka. A mixture of carbolic acid, vinegar and tabasco sauce. But the Za-ar daren't drink it for fear that he'd be pizened."

"I should think that pizen would be wasted

in a mixture like that," said Madden. "Aye, so you would," replied Rafferty, with conviction. "But what would you think of a man that 'ucl come down to brakquist and find beside his dish of suppawa a letter written in blood, in blood, man, callin' him a haythin blaggard, an' warnin him to say his prayers, for they were shy of a Russian angel in Heaven, and he was goin' up there in pieces without his consint?"

"Well, I think I would rather die of that fa shionable dis'ase pindycutis, said Mad-"Tis not about dyin' I'm talkin', but the

fear o' death comin' in a saycret an' hidyous way," said Rafferty. Well. I sin't afeerd o' death, said Mad-

den valiantly. "No, you are a brave man, bekase you think death is far off. But you were never sittin' on a powder keg and another man standin' at the bunghole wid a lighted match in his hand, an' you strapped to the keg, an a man makin' motions to light the powder, an' jerkin' back the match before the powder was lit, an' grinnin' at you, an' you wid the cowld sweat comin' out of your hands an' feet, an' a man named Misther Nihilist, wid a divil's grin on his face. standin' by an' tellim' you that your Uncle Sergus was blown through the roof of a carriage, an' whin they picked him up in pieces he filled two bushel baskets.

"That's the place the Za-ar is to-day, Madden. And now is it any wonder that he'd like to be in your ould brogans? I ask you that.

"Thank the good God, man, that you have your beer without fear o' pizen, that you can walk along the street and niver a man will notice you, an' if you are careful not to call an Irielman higger than you are a liar, you have a dacint chance of dyin "But what are they persecuting the poor man for Rafferty?" "Tis all a matter o' politics an whippin'

"Be careful not to clout your wife or your little children, Madden, for if you do your soul will be required of you in-in-"Well, well, Rafferty." said Madden hastily, "you needn't mintion the place.

women an' little children," replied Rafferty.

### DEATH IN ALASKAN AVALANCHE Grim Disaster in Which a Party of Gold

There's room there for the both of us.

Seekers Perished. Colusa correspondence Sacramento Bee News of a tragedy of the Far North has just reached here after many years. The lives of twenty-seven human beings were snuffed out in a twinkling by an avalanche of loe and snow, and their frozen bodies, found months afterward, were all that remained to tell the awful story of the grim

disaster. In the spring of 1898 a party of Columns, among whom was Leonard Gallard, left here for Alaska in search of gold, Months went by without a word from any member of the party, and then friends and relatives began to feel uneasiness. Letters and messages of all sorts were sent to the ountry in the hope of hearing of or from the party. In the end nearly all were ac-

counted for in some way or other except Gaillard It was generally believed by Gaillard's friends that he had perished, but it was only a few days ago that the true story of his death was made known by Richard Williams, formerly of this place, but now of Chico

In the spring of 1899 Williams met Gaillard Dawson. The latter was one of a party of twenty-seven who had come into the town with their dog sleds to get their supplies for the winter. He told Williams where he was mining and how to reach the place. He said the journey would require ten or twelve days time and that he would start on the return trip in a day or two. He did so. But he never reached his diggings, and it was the last seen alive of either him or his party

On the long way home an avalanche of ice and snow swooped down upon them, burying them from sight until the summer came, bringing with it weather warm enough to melt their cold covering and expose the bodies to view. They were all there—the entire twenty-seven. Their bodies were in a good state of preservation when found. There was no evidence of a struggle to retain life. The avalanche had done its cruel work swiftly and well. Death had claimed them for its own on the instant.

With the frozen bodies were found the dead sled dogs. All had perished without a struc-gle save one. The leader of one of the sled teams had not been buried entirely by the avalanche and it was evident he had struggled flercely for life and liberty. But his harpest had held him a prisoner, and he could not get away. Finally hunger added its terrors to that of the piercing cold and the dog in desperation had eaten of the one nearest him until his own life blood froze in his veins and the end came.

### MR. OPTIMUS-HE IS ALWAYS GRATEFUL.







